

Peninsula Enterprise.

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JNO. W. EDMONDS,
Owner and Editor.

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Accomac C. H., Va.
One member of this firm will visit Chincoteague the Monday before every county court, and remain there two days. Prompt attention given to all business placed in their hands.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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will practice in the Courts of Accomac and Northampton counties.

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NEELY & QUINBY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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will practice in all courts of Accomac and Northampton counties. Prompt attention to all business.

JOHN W. EDMONDS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Accomac C. H., Va.

Has resumed the active practice of his profession and solicits the patronage of his friends. Office—opposite the private entrance of the Waddy Hotel.

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Office—Market St., near Baptist church,
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Accomac county, Va.

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All communications promptly attended to.

G. H. Bagwell,
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Onancock, Va.
Will attend to surveying and dividing lands in Accomac and Northampton counties.

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Bricklayer & Plasterer,
Offers his services to the public by the day or contract. Will furnish all material when desired. He has had several years experience as a practical workman and will guarantee satisfaction.

BLACKSTONE & BELL,
ACCOMAC C. H., VA.,
DRUGGISTS
A FULL LINE OF
FANCY ARTICLES,
DRUGS,
OILS,
PAINTS,
SEEDS,
&c., &c., &c., &c.,
Kept on hand for sale at lowest prices.

INSURANCE
The undersigned, in the interest of the VALLEY MUTUAL LIFE and VIRGINIA FIRE AND MARINE Insurance Companies, will make frequent visits to Accomac and will be glad to have the patronage of those desiring their risks carried by good companies. All communications promptly attended to.

G. G. SAVAGE, Agent,
Eastville, or Shady Side, Northampton county, Va.

Fowler, Footes & Co.

Manufacturers of
FISH GUANO

Phila., Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad.

On and after May 25th, 1885 (Sundays excepted), trains will leave as follows:

NORTHWARD.
Delmar, 7:10 a.m.
Lafayette, 7:25 a.m.
Camden, 7:40 a.m.
Bridgeville, 7:55 a.m.
Greenwood, 8:10 a.m.
Pottsville, 8:25 a.m.
Viola, 8:40 a.m.
Woodside, 8:55 a.m.
Wilmington, 9:10 a.m.
Dover, 9:25 a.m.
New Castle, 9:40 a.m.
Baltimore, 9:55 a.m.
Philadelphia, 10:10 a.m.

SOUTHWARD.
Philadelphia, 10:10 a.m.
Baltimore, 9:55 a.m.
New Castle, 9:40 a.m.
Dover, 9:25 a.m.
Wilmington, 9:10 a.m.
Woodside, 8:55 a.m.
Viola, 8:40 a.m.
Pottsville, 8:25 a.m.
Greenwood, 8:10 a.m.
Bridgeville, 7:55 a.m.
Camden, 7:40 a.m.
Lafayette, 7:25 a.m.
Delmar, 7:10 a.m.

all of which they are prepared to supply those wishing a first class fertilizer. They have established a depository at Curtis' Wharf, Pottsville, where farmers may purchase in quantities to suit. Prices until further notice, as follows:

Dry, 20.00
Two-thirds dry, 20.00
Green, 18.00

For further particulars, call on or address
E. B. FINNEY, Agent,
Locustmount, Accomac county, Va.

Improved White
Sewing Machine
STANDS AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS
In Quality and Simplicity.

It has no Rival. Others blow and try to put it down, but it stands bold at the front.

Having sold over 400 in 1881, 1882 and 1883, shows that the

People of Accomac Appreciate Its Merits.

I can sell you other machines for less price. Singer pattern, drop leaf and two drawers, for \$25.00; Wilson, Domestic, Howe and any other pattern. Will sell the Royal St. John, drop leaf and six drawers, for \$35.00, but I cannot put THE WHITE machines as to the price. Having sold machines for nearly fourteen years, gives me a chance to know something of the tricks which others practice on those who are not posted in machinery. If

THE WHITE
Sewing Machine
You Want a Good Sewing Machine

come and see me, or write to me, and I will sell you ANY MACHINE that can be bought. THE WHITE, but none so good as

Also, a large stock of FURNITURE, MATRASSES, &c., on hand. Repairing of Furniture, Pictures, Frames, or anything else in our line promptly attended to. COFFINS, CASKETS and TRIMMINGS for sale.

Respectfully, &c.,
R. H. PENNELL,
ONANCOCK, VA.

New Store. New Goods.
J. L. TROWER & BRO.,
HEAD OF BRADFORD'S NECK,
Accomac county, Va.

Dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Hardware, Crockery &c. Ready-Made Clothing and Ladies' Dress Goods specialties.

Their new store recently completed is well stocked in fact with everything usually kept in a first-class country store.

Bar room removed to a separate house.

Finney & Co.,
FINNEY'S WHARF,
ACCOMAC COUNTY, VA.
—DEALERS IN:—
General Merchandise, Shingles, Laths, Bricks, Lime, Hair, Sash, Doors, Coal and Fertilizers.

Flour a Specialty.
TOWN LOT FOR SALE IN BELLE HAVEN.

I offer for sale at private contract, my lot in Belle Haven, opposite Ward's store, upon which Mrs. E. J. Savage at present resides. It contains 14 acres, more or less, is improved by a comfortable dwelling with all necessary out-buildings, and has thereon also a building now used as a Millinery Store. A more suitable location either as a home or for business purposes cannot be found in the village. The lot will be sold on reasonable terms, and ample time given to pay the purchase money. For further particulars apply in person or by letter to **JOSEPH J. WESCOTT,** Locustmount, Va.

FARMS, & C.
Browne, Jacob & Co.,
dealers in
REAL ESTATE,
ACCOMAC C. H., VA.

Fruit and Trucking lands, improved and unimproved, of 60, 165, 225, 340 and 600 acres eligible location on the line of the N. Y., P. & N. R. R., NOW for sale cheap.

Also, four-sea-side farms with oysters, fish and wild fowl privileges unsurpassed on easy terms.

And town lots for business men at the new stations on the railroad constantly on hand at reasonable rates. Send for circular.

Billheads, Letterheads, Statements, Envelopes, Handbills, &c.
Neatly printed at this office by a first class artist—no amateur work.

OLD SONGS.

Like sprig of myrtle's brightest flowers,
Or bird's across the sea,
Returning to their bowers,
The old songs come to me.

The dear old songs of childhood,
The songs we used to sing,
And make the sweetest ring,
With glad young voices ring.

The songs that once came welling
From hearts untroubled by care,
Within the humble dwelling,
When all the world seemed fair.

And oh, my heart rejoices
As in the dearest years,
In dreams I hear the voices
Grown silent over there.

Their milder thrilling through me
Like some half-whispered prayer,
The old, old songs come to me
On trembling wings of air.

And I believe those voices
Are singing as of old,
Where every heart rejoices
And love can never grow cold.

Some where, some time, together,
I trust, untouched by pain,
In fairest summer weather,
We'll sing those songs again.

ALL ABOUT BROWN.
"MY DEAR BROTHER: I want you to come down and make us a visit. So does Melissa. Come down next week, and stay till after the Fourth. We expect one or two other visitors, and will try to make it pleasant for you. Don't fail to come."

"Your affectionate brother,
"WILLIAM BROWN."

"P. S. Melissa says: Tell Joseph we shall expect him; so don't disappoint us."

So read the letter which Joseph Brown received from his brother William about the middle of June.

"I can see through that," said he, folding up the epistle, and returning it to its envelope. "Yes, sir," to the solemn looking old cat who sat staring at him from the window sill, "it's as clear as day."

They've found another woman who wants to get married, and they mean to make another attempt to hook me in. Oh, you can't fool your brother yet Mr. William Brown! I can see through you, and that wife of yours. You've got your foot into matrimony, and you want me to do the same, on the principle that misery loves company. But you don't come it over me so easy. I won't take any in mine, thank you."

Joseph couldn't have meant, by his sarcastic reference to the old saying that misery is fond of company, that he considered his brother had made himself miserable by marrying, for he often, though secretly, envied his brother the comfort he seemed to take with his family. But he had so long considered himself a bachelor for life that he had got into the habit of assuming to himself that married people were envious of single ones, and always spoke of them in a way that implied his pity for them, his thankfulness that he wasn't in their shoes. The truth was, he often wished he had a little wife. But he was afraid of women; so much so that he always expected to remain single. If he were to fall in love, he felt quite sure he should never be able to muster up sufficient courage to say anything about it to the woman whose charms had ensnared him. It would be another case of "concealment like a worm in the bud." He often felt brave enough to face a cannon's mouth, but the mouth of a woman—never!

The memory of last summer was still terribly fresh in his mind. He had been invited to visit his brother. He had gone down unsuspectingly, and found there an old maid who immediately laid siege to him. But he had succeeded, by the help of divine Providence, in resisting her wishes, and getting safely out of the predicament. Now he felt sure that another trap had been set for him.

"But I'll go," he decided. "William and Missy'll be mad as set-ting hens if I don't. I s'pose it's a girl in pantalettes this time. The other one was forty, and she didn't suit me, they will quite naturally go to the other extreme. I s'pose it would be a good thing if I had a wife, but I don't want a little girl, or a woman old enough to be her grandmother, and what's more, I won't have 'em," he added with so much emphasis that the old cat began to get scared, and kept one eye on him with the other on the door.

He went down to his brother's. "Who is it this time?" he asked William, when they were on their way down from the depot.

"I don't know what you mean," answered William, looking puzzled.

"It was that old Miss Larrabee last year," said Joseph. "I take it for granted it's some one else now."

"Oh, I begin to see what you're driving at," laughed William. "I don't know as there's anybody. If there is it must be Mrs. Parks."

"A widow?" asked Joseph.

"Yes, but a young and good-looking one," answered his brother. "Oh!"

Joseph couldn't say another word. He felt in some mysterious way that "this jig was up," as he expressed it to himself that night in the solitude of his own chamber. He did not know why, but he felt perfectly sure his doom was sealed by a widow. He had always felt sure he would have to surrender if one saw fit to besiege him. Now his time had come. He felt like a lamb being led to the slaughter, and groaned over the terrible prospect before him, and was laughed

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